

Medic!

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Summary: A Medic going through the rough time of war. But during this time, the medic will not only heal Marines but Elites too. My first Halo story, make sure after you're done reading, read the very bottom! thanks

Medic!

Medic!

The snow fell all around as the Marines held their ground in the frozen forest against the Covenant. Snow white as heaven stained by blood of both human and Covenant forces, both sides didn't move as it continued to snow. The Marines had very little ammo and grenades left in the frozen forest, plus the lack of warm clothes took a major toll on their moral. The Lt. that lead the Marines didn't prepare his men for the cold, they came here to fight and push the Covenant back to take control of the town the humans once lived at. In that town was a hidden vault full of documents of human technology. The Covenant were able to steal some of the Marines weapons and use them against the humans.

Out in the frozen snow covered forest, a lone human female medic walked around. She stood at five feet nine inches, she stopped and knelt to look around the open fog filled field before her, the forest on the other side of the field held the Covenant. She looked hard through the fog at the forest, she placed her hand on the ground to keep her balance only to cut her finger on a thorn bush hidden under the snow, she forces blood out of the small cut as she stood back up. She walks through the forest heading back to her unit with her hands in her coat pockets, as she walked through the forest of snow and fog she came across dead Grunts, Brutes and Elites with some of their vehicles. She notices Grunt with a blown off leg and a Brute grabbing his leg forever frozen in the snow. She pulls her hands out of her pockets, grabbing her medical satchel with her right hand she slowly backs up looking around, she then moves a bit faster looking behind her to make sure no one was following her or seen her.

Back at her unit, Captain Weathers, leader of the whole battalion but not the commanding Lt. of the Marines, broke the ice in his ammo container to get to the cold water, he then sticks the knife in the snow as he prepares to shave, he breathes fast to keep warm as he wets his face. A twig snaps behind him and he looks just as that female medic appears out of the fog beside him. Cap. Weathers looked at her.

"Doc, get down. The enemy might be close." He said in a loud whisper.

The female medic gets down in a crouching position as she eased her way over to Cap. Weathers, Cap. Weathers grabs his rifle and aims at the black crouching image in the fog.

"Who's there?" He said.

As the fog lifts a little they could see it was a Grunt taking a shit.

"Come over here now." Cap. Weathers ordered.

The Grunt stood up with his hands in the air. Two more Marines came over and they search the Grunt, the Grunt kept looking at the female medic confused as to what she was, she had no weapons, a red cross on her left arm, she looked strong. She looked at the Grunt with fire burning behind those dark green and yellow eyes. Cap. Weathers finds a few documents, a hologram of the Grunt's family. The Grunt looks at Cap. Weathers as he put it back, Cap. Weathers finds the Grunt's medical kit.

"Doc."

The female medic looks at Cap. Weathers as he hands the kit to her. Cap. Weathers looks at the two Marines.

"Take him back to Regiment and keep an eye on him."

As he said that a Warthog came pulling in, General Red and General Rohe get off the Warthog.

"Gents you all know Gen. Rohe. Head of Division Commander." General Red said.

Cap. Weathers and Col. Gene salute them. The female medic stands and watches them.

"Give me enemy strength Col. Gene." Genl Rohe said looking at Col. Gene.

Col. Gene's voice crackles when he talks, for being in the cold for so long has given him and many other Marines colds.

"We've been taking ground in one position and losing it in another. We're now at a stand off and we're digging in at the edge of the forest." Col. Gene answered, he then looks at Cap. Weathers to tell the rest.

"We've been getting sparritic fire General. We're taking a lot of hits."

The female medic walks behind Cap. Weathers fiddling with the Grunt medical kit as Cap. Weathers continues.

"We have no aid station, we've run out of food, no winter clothes, little or no ammo. Line is spread so thin the enemy wanders into our CP using out slip trenches sir. We just caught one not to long ago."

A man coughing next to them could be heard under a rain coat that covered a foxhole, Gen. Red looks down at it as Cap. Weathers finishes.

"We just can't cover the line."

The rain coat is pulled back as a man looks out at them. His short brown hair all messed up, almost looks like Albert Einstein. Gen. Red looks at him.

"Good morning Cap. Nixon, you got anything to add for General Rohe?"

Gen. Rohe looks at Cap. Nixon as Nixon pulled himself out of his foxhole.

"General, ah, yes sir. General I took a walk on our line at 0300 last night. I couldn't find 509 on our right flank, I tied in a squad from our Second Platoon, but sir we got some considerable gaps in our perimeter. Some of our Marines got lost in this forest looking for Third, some of them never came back." Nixon said, when he said about Second Platoon he pointed at the female medic.

"I don't have enough people to hold the line, sir. We're spread to damn thin." Col. Gene said.

"Hold the line Col." Said Gen. Rohe as he and Gen. Red get on the Warthog. "Close the gaps. This damn fog won't lift anytime soon, so you can forget about air cover. First Battalion pulled out of Autumn Woods with Covenant on their tails. Banshee, tanks, artillery, you got no back up. There's a lot of shit heading this way."

As they left, the female medic pulls her satchel and puts the kit inside as Nixon, Col. Gene and Weathers return to their foxholes. The female medic walks over to Weathers as he returns to shaving. He looks at her.

"What?"

"Can I spare your bandage from your aid kit, sir? She asked.

Weathers looks at her as she moved side to side keeping warm.

"How are you fixed?"

The female medic sighs and looks at him while rubbing her hands.

"No plasma, a couple of bandages." Weathers hands her his bandage from his medical kit. "Practically no morphine. Someone gets shot, they'll be in hell. In fact I tried to find my way to Third to get

supplies and I kinda lost my way." She pockets the bandage.

"If you can't get over to Third, hook up with Doc Ryan, take what he can spare."

"Thanks, Captain."

She walks from him.

"Diamond." She looks at Weathers. "Get everything you can, you're going to need it."

Diamond nods her head and heads off looking for Doc Ryan. A few feet hundred feet from Weathers, Doc Ryan was busying digging his foxhole, Diamond walks over to him.

"Ryan."

Ryan looks at her and smiles.

"Doc."

She stands in front of him going through her medical satchel looking for an item to give me.

"What's happening?" She asked.

"Digging right in along the line." He said jokingly. "This is it, so what ya get?" He asked placing the shovel on the ground.

Diamond has him a bandage and the Grunts medical kit.

"That and a Covenant medical kit."

They both sit down in the foxhole, Ryan grabs his satchel and puts the items in it as Diamond pulls out a morphine syrette, she looks it as Ryan holds the items she gave him.

"What? This is it?" He asked.

"Yep, that's it. You know First pulled out of Autumn Woods, heavy casualties."

Ryan takes a drink from his canteen and looks at her.

"If their pulling back then why the hell are we sitting here?" Ryan asked.

"I need morphine, this is all I got. You got extra scissors?"

"No, just the one."

A man appears out of the fog, Lt. Grant. He is the Marines leader, he listens to Captain Weathers and Captain Weathers listens to Col. Gene.

"First Sargent Woods!"

"Sir!"

Lt. Grant notices Diamond and Ryan were in the same foxhole.

"What's this? Two medics in the same hole?"

Ryan smiles at Lt. Grant.

"Yes sir."

F. Sgt Woods walks over to Grant, Grant looks at him.

"F. Sgt where's my fox hole?"

Woods points to it.

"Right there sir. Maybe you passed it. You should get back a little, we're close to the line."

Grant looks at Woods then the medics.

"Damn it, I hate this job."

Diamond gets out of the foxhole asking many of the other Marines for scissors, she runs into Sgt. Bloom. Sgt. Bloom got back from the hospital with a leg wound.

"Sgt. Bloom."

Bloom looks at her as they walked.

"Did you keep your morphine from Natures?" Dia asked. Many of the Marines call her Dia for short or Doc Dia, many call her Doc Die in joke.

Sgt. Bloom shook his head and as they walked.

"No. Hey doc, I got to talk to you, it's really important."

Dia walked around him and looked at him as she walked by, Bloom stopped at a foxhole.

"How's your leg?" Dia asked pointing to it.

Bloom hits his leg showing that it's fine.

"Hell with the leg, I'm pissing needles!"

Dia walks away.

"Later."

"Shit . . . " Bloom said in a loud whisper.

Dia kept looking for scissors, she spots a few Marines holding the front line, one was still digging the foxhole while the other use's his buddies' helmet to cook coffee. Dia walks over to them.

"Do you see them?" Dia asked the one making coffee.

"No, but they're out there. Depend on it." He answered. "Cup of Joe doc?"

Dia looks around, keeping her eyes peeled.

"No thanks. I need scissors, you got scissors? Sharp scissors."

He looks at her funny and makes a joke.

"Scissors? Well let's see, I'll have to check the sowing room." he pours his coffee into his canteen with Dia looking at him seriously. "Then I'll check the study, in that little skinny drawer in the middle of the desk. Or maybe mum has them in her purse."

Dia smiles and shakes her head a little, all the men in this unit teased her for she is the only female medic out here.

"Okay." She said. "What about an extra syrette in your aid kit?"

The man puts the helmet down and closes his canteen. He looks at the man digging the foxhole.

"How's your morphine Mike?"

Mortar shells could be heard fall from above, soon a tree explodes nearby forcing everyone into their foxholes but Dia. Dia looks at the men in the foxhole that was near the blown up tree, she runs over to them.

"Matt! Pinks! You guys okay?"

She drops down next to them as Matt grabs his helmet.

"Look at this shit! They peppered my helmet!"

Dia looks at them as the cry of 'Medic!' could be heard not far off. More mortar shells fall. Dia was ready to run to the cry but Matt stopped her.

"Doc Die! Here, morphine!" Matt tosses her his morphine.

Dia puts it away and looks at him.

"Where's Jonus?"

"Christ knows." Answered Pinks.

"Medic! Medic!"

Dia takes off keeping her head low and grabbing a tree or two for cover as more shells fall.

"Doc!"

The yell was closer this time. Dia sees a nearby foxhole and jumps in.

"You guys okay?" She asked pushing herself off the two young men.

"Fuck! Watch the damn line Jekins, stop looking at her!"

Jekins looks at the line as Dia looks at them.

"You got a syrette?" She asked Will, the one that yelled at Jekins.

Another close explosion caused them to duck, the cry for a medic started again.

"Medic!"

Dia looks in the direction as Will tapped her to go. She climbs out of the foxhole and rolls as another explosion happened close by, panting she stood up.

"Doc!"

"Jonus!"

"Here!"

She runs to the voice and finds them, she jumps into the foxhole as Jonus complains.

"I can feel it! It's my artery!" Jonus said holding his wrist.

Explosions kept happening all around them throwing dirt and snow into the air. Dia pries open Jonus's tight grip on his wrist.

"You have to let me see Jonus!"

Jonus removes his hand.

"It's the damn artery! I'm going to bleed to death."

Dia sees the small cut on Jonus's wrist, less than a inch. It wasn't even deep.

"It's not the artery, heh."

Jonus looks at Dia.

"I'm not going back doc."

"What?"

"I'm not going anywhere! Not in this shit!"

"You don't want to go out in this shit and you yell medic?"

"I'm not going back to no aid station!"

Dia ties a bandage around the small cut, she tightens it making Jonus cringe in pain.

"You're in luck Jonus, we don't have one."

The rain of mortars stop, everyone looks around and makes sure it's safe. Dia sighs in relief and looks at Jonus.

"Jonus you got scissors?"

"Why the hell would I need scissors for?"

Dia sits up and brushes the dirt out of her short brown and blonde hair that stuck out from under her helmet.

"Do you have your aid kit?"

Jonus digs through his pockets and hands the kit to her. Dia pockets it and looks at him and the other man.

"You don't need this, I do."

She stood up and fixed her helmet.

"Make sure you clean that cut Jonus. Also, you don't have a main artery in your arm, you have many small ones, cut too many and you'll bleed to death."

Dia leaves and heads back to Doc Ryan. She drops into the foxhole and Ryan smiles at her.

"Who got hit?" He asked.

"Jonus. His wrist got cut." Dia grabs the medical kit Jonus gave her and she hands it to Ryan, Ryan pockets it. "This is what I want you to do. Take someone and head over to Third, alright? You know what we need, plasma, morphine, bandages. Whatever you could beg, you beg. Alright? And get me some damn scissors I can't seem to find any. Also get yourself a hot meal. Go."

Ryan gets out and takes Will with him to find Third while Dia rests. Ryan and Will walk through the freezing forest walking between trees and brush.

"You know he told me he was a virgin." Will said.

Ryan looks at him with wonderment.

"Who?"

"The replacement, Jekins. The kid in my foxhole."

"Yeah?"

Will looks behind hitting the back of his helmet on a tree branch.

"Ow... yeah, a virgin, just a kid."

Ryan looks at the falling snow.

"The only virgin I know is the Virgin Mary." Ryan laughed, Will laughs too.

They find a destroyed tank covered in snow with an over turned half destroyed Banshee.

"Hey Will, where the hell are we?" Asked Ryan.

They stop and look around, Will turns and walks to his left.

"This way."

"I don't like it." Ryan said looking around.

Will picks up the pace.

"Where the hell is Third?" Suddenly he steps into a hidden foxhole and laughs. "Shit."

Ryan walks over to him, they hear a voice speaking in Covenant. Ryan grabs Will.

"Come on." Ryan said in a whisper. Will's face shows fear and panic. "Give me your hand." Ryan said trying to pull Will out. Ryan pulls Will out.

"Go! Go!" Will shouted as the hidden foxhole opens.

A Jackal pops out and shoots at them.

"Run Ryan!"

"I am!"

All the shots the Jackal shot at them, they all missed. An hour later Will and Ryan found Third. Third's two medic's jump down into the slip trench as Will and Ryan followed them from above.

"We can spare a few bandages, but that's it. No morphine." The one medic said. "You'll have to go back to Chap for plasma."

Will and Ryan look down at them.

"Chap? It took us an hour to find you." Will said.

"Don't your surgeon have plasma?" Asked the second medic.

"We don't have one. No surgeon, no aid station, nothing. It's just me and my buddy." Said Ryan

In the distance explosions could be heard.

"Sorry guys but we can't help you." The first medic said.

The sounds of fall mortars could be heard, the medics look up at the sky as someone yelled.

"Incoming!"

Will and Ryan jump down into the trench to take cover as a Warthog drives by trying to avoid being hit.

"Get yourselves outta here, we're pulling back!" yelled the first medic.

Will gives a thumbs up as he and Ryan flee back to their unit. An hour later they were back with their unit and having a hot meal. Dia

sat from the group and listened in on their petty talk. They talked about home, family, the Covenant and many other things, just to joke around. Another Marine came over with a pot and ladle giving them scoops of hot soups and another Marine passed out bread. Dia watches the falling snow and takes a deep sigh, she remembers that she wouldn't have been in this place if the government didn't close out the experiment. Lt. Frost walks over.

"Hey, has anybody seen Lt. Grant?"

Dia looks at him as does the others.

"Check by the CP, Lt."

After Lt. Frost leaves they continue their joking around, Will turns and looks at Dia.

"Hey Dia, I think Grant has a full aid kit, try him."

"Yeah, I'm sure he's not using his." Joked a Marine.

"Maybe he's got a syrette for ya." Joked another.

Dia smiles and leaves, she heads off looking for Grant. By the time she found him it was night, the moon gave little light through the snow clouds, she kneels at Grants foxhole.

"Lt. Grant? Lt. Grant? Sir, can you spare me your aid kit. I'm really short on supplies."

Grant turns and looks at her.

"Like morphine?"

"Yes, sir."

Grant looks through his coat pockets and finds a small bag.

"This it?"

Dia smiles and nods her head.

"Yes, sir."

Grant leans over handing it to her.

"I'm not fully trusting you. After all, you're a failure. You were given medic status for not having anything to do with your petty test tube life."

Dia rips the kit from Grants hands and stood up.

"Thanks Grant, if you get hit, I'll see to it that I aid you."

Grant watches as she walked off, he snorts and goes to sleep. Dia sees Will walking by coughing, she runs over to him.

"Henderson. Hey Henderson, you okay?"

Will throws off his gloves and takes a piss looking at her.

"Damn it Dia, what's with the Henderson crap? You know my name, why don't you use it?"

"Its Billy right?"

Will looks at her in anger.

"Billy, are you serious? Only the fucking nuns call me Billy!" Will zips up his pants, grabs his gloves and walks off.

"Do you still have any morphine?"

Will looks back at her with an angry look.

"You already asked me that, remember?" Will then walks off into the night.

"No... I don't recall."

Dia walks in the same direction as Will went, she ran to a nearby foxhole, lifts the rain coat and eased herself in. Two men were inside, one was making coffee and the other cleaning his handgun.

"Hey guys." Dia said with a smile.

"Hey doc." Both men said.

The man making coffee hands Dia a cup of warm coffee.

"Here doc."

Dia takes it and drinks some, that same man hands her a handful of morphine which brightens up Dia's face.

"Got it from contraband. You still looking for scissors?" He asked handing the morphine to her, she in turn hands over the coffee cup.

"Yeah."

"Smith."

Dia nods her head and was ready to leave.

"Dia, you need to check on Jac, he's missing something."

Dia leaves the foxhole and wonders out to the front line, she crawls over to Jac's foxhole as he aimed his handgun at her.

"You guys okay?" Dia asked.

"We got hot food. Can you smell it?" The man in the foxhole said rudely.

"Jac, you missing something?" Dia asked.

"Home."

Just then the Covenant fires a few rounds at them but they stop after the tenth shot. Dia shook her head as Jac looks at his foxhole buddy.

"Jac, show me your feet." Dia asked.

Jac looks at her then his foxhole buddy.

"Watch the damn line."

Jac lifts his right foot up to show Dia, he had no boots on.

"What happened to your boots?"

Jac puts his foot down and looks out at the field.

"In Master Chief's ass."

"I don't believe this." Dia said looking away.

"I'm better in bare feet doc."

"What happened?" Dia said looking back at him.

"Took them off to dry my damn socks and they blew them to hell, okay?"

"What's your size?"

"Nine, just like everyone else."

Dia runs off heading to Smith's foxhole, Smith and Anders. Smith was brushing his teeth.

"Smith, you keep cleaning those teeth the Covenant will see you a mile away." Sgt. Talon teased.

They laugh as Dia jumps in the foxhole grabbing Smith's supply bag.

"Doc what you doing with my stuff?"

Dia pours out all the items making Smith upset.

"Oh come on Dia."

Inside was a lot of medical and hygiene supplies.

"What you got in here, a drug store?"

"No. Why are you going through my stuff for?"

Dia finds the scissors she was looking for, she shows him.

"Scissors, thank you Smith."

"My damn scissors!"

Dia got out of the foxhole and walks past Sgt. Bloom's.

"Sgt. Bloom."

"Doc Dia, that you? Doc wait."

Bloom gets out of his foxhole and follows Dia

Dia heads to a foxhole with two men singing it in.

"Stew and Drew, got any syrettes?" Dia asked.

"Sorry Dia, it got used Naturs." Said Stew.

"You ain't using this Doc, you know for personal use?" Said Drew handing her morphine.

Dia leaves them as they continue to sing, Bloom follows Dia.

"Doc? Doc, wait a minute!" Bloom grabs Dia's arm. "I still got the itching and I can't scratch it. Every time I pee it's murder."

Dia looks at him as they came across Lt. Frost sitting at his foxhole.

"Yeah, I know it is but I don't have any Penicillin for you paruet." Dia bends down to Lt. Frost.

"My what?" Bloom said wondering what Dia said. "My paruet? What the hell?" Bloom walks around in a circle to stay warm as Dia spoke to Lt. Frost.

"Lt. make sure you move around a little to keep your blood flowing so you stay warm."

Frost points to his feet, he dusts off the snow on them.

"I can't feel my feet, they feel numb."

"That's why you got to move around so you don't get trench foot."

"Should I take my boots off?"

"No, loosen the strings and keep moving."

Dia stands back up and looks at Bloom.

"Sgt. I'm sorry, look I know it must be hell, but I can't help you alright? Drink a lot of water."

"Water?! It's pissing that hurts!"

Lt. Black comes running over, his gear rattles a little bit startling Bloom and Dia.

"Shut it! Shut the hell up!" He said in a loud whisper. "Bloom what's going on here? Who's singing?"

Bloom tries to clam him as Dia walks off heading to her foxhole, to

get away from them for the night.

"I'm going to see. Don't worry" Bloom said walking off.

Dia sits in her foxhole as a flare lights up the sky, gunfire erupts as she begins to say something in another language. She slowly closes her eyes as the flare finally dies out.

* * *

>My first Halo story, i half based it on Band of Brothers, so don't get mad at me! I hope you like it! Please leave a nice review, be nice okay, don't be rude. if you don't like it then DON'T REVIEW! if ya do like it then review!** A morphine syrette is a hypodermic needle with a tube of morphine, I just got the spelling wrong with syrette! sry! i fixed it and what you read is the right spelling!

End
file.